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A NEW

HISORY

In FOUR PARTS.

BEING

An Account of a MONARCH of GREECE.

Who endeavoured to prevent the Decree of Fate, with reſpect to his Son, who ſhould murder his Father.

To prevent which, he is taken by a Nobleman in his Infancy, and brought up in all the Grandeur poſſible.

When arrived at the Age of Nineteen, he got Leave from his ſuppoſed Parents to travel, then went into his Fathers dominions, and, as Fate decreed, killed his Father.

His Marriage with the Queen his Mother, after the King's Deceaſe, by whom he had four Children, yet innocent that ſhe was his mother; wherein the Deſolation and Diſtraction that followed that unnatural Marriage, is ſet forth.

Licenſed and Enter'd according to Order.

A NEW HISTORY, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM

YOU that have hard hearts, that ne'er could repent,
Or eyes, from whoſe lids fear hath ne'er been ſent,
Be pleas'd to draw nigh, now before you paſs by,
See if you can weep at this deep Tragedy.

True love, life and honour, confuſion and death,
Revenge, blood and ſlaughter, as 'twere in a breath
Might extract tears out of hard adament ſtones,
By violent and ſhrieks infatiable groans.

It ſeems there was born to a king and a queen,
A ſweet prince, on whoſe breaſt was ſeen
The picture of Death, with a dart in his hand;
At ſeeing of which they were all at a ſtand.

Not only the King, but his beautifull queen,
Was highly concern'd to know what it might mean,
Wherefore to an oracle they ſent with ſpeed,
There to be inform'd what the fates had decreed.

The meſſenger ſtraight to the oracle flies,
Reporting the marks, then requires likewiſe
In the royal name of his ſovereign lord
The meaning, and promis'd an ample reward.

The oracle cried, that ſtrange mark on his breaſt,
Betokens deſtruction, for amongſt the reſt,
If ever the truth was by oracle told,
He ſhall kill his father when twenty years old;

Then lie with his mother, accounting her fair,
I tell you the fates have decreed ſhe ſhall bear

A ſon to her ſon and three daughters likewiſe,
Of excellent beauty, and ſparkling eyes.
First murder the Father, then that being done,
His mother he'll wed, then three daughters, one ſon
By her he ſhall have! O unnatural breed!
Whoſe nature ſhall bluſh, as aſham'd to the dead;
The ſun ſhall be darkn'd, the moon hide her head,
The living ſcarce able to bury the dead;
A ſad diſolation! the queen frantic grown,
Shall ſhed her young infant's heart's blood with her own.
Theſe tidings to your royal maſter convey,
The ſervant reply'd, It is done I obey;
Then having reported the ſame to the king,
With ſorrow his hands he did bitterly wring,
He cry'd, My ſweet queen we may blaſt the decree
The infant is young, and if murder'd he be,
My life will be ſafe, thy honour ſecure;
Diſpatch him with ſpeed, it is good to be ſure.
The queen ſhe conſented, a ſervant they call,
They gave him the prince, with a ſtrict charge withal
To murder the infant; he promis'd he would;
Yet ſee by the fates it was ſoon over-rul'd.

PART. II.

WRAPT in a rich mantle, this ruffian he bore,
the infant, ſix miles from the place or more;
Where in a green foreſt he drew forth a knife,
Yet had not the power to touch his ſweet life:
For as he attempted that horrible deed,
His heart ſo relented he could not proceed,
To perfect a crime ſo inhuman and baſe,
For ſtill the ſweet innocent ſmil'd in his face.
At that very inſtant a duke paſſing by,
Of another kingdom, by chance caſt an eye,
On that bloody ruffian, and infant likewiſe,
To whoſe ſudden reſcue like fury he flies.
Demanding the cauſe of that bloody deſign,
Declaring likewiſe by the powers divine,

The life of the infant he would vindicate,
Or die on the ſpot by the bold hand of fate.
But if the ſweet infant on me you'll be ſtow,
I'll raiſe him to honour, with me he ſhall go,
To my king and maſter, as ſure as his face,
There's ſomething reſembles the true royal race.
For having no child to inherit his Throne,
He will receive this, nay call it his own.
The ruffian he reply'd, I agree to this thing,
The duke then convey'd him forthwith to his king.
The king he received it; now this being done,
The better to make it paſs for his own ſon,
This queen kept her chamber, and he did declare,
It was at length bleſt with a young ſon in hir.
The joy, ſtate and triumphant in the royal court,
And all thro' the kingdom, as fame does report,
Was great, and to ſet forth their true loyalty,
" Long live our young prince, was our general cry,
This prince grew in favour fair pleaſant and ſweet
And likewiſe in knowledge ſo wiſe and complete;
The king and conſort were pleaſed to find,
He bore ſuch a noble magnificent mind
When nineteen long ſummers and winters were paſt
Of his ſuppos'd parents he crav'd leave at laſt
To travel, that ſo he might happily try,
His fortune abroad, which they did not deny.

PART. III.

THE king and the queen were loth he ſhould go,
Yet being their darling they humour'd him ſo
That his youthful fancy they would not diſpleaſe,
So furniſh'd with treaſure, he croſſed the ſeas:
Thro' kingdoms and countries his footſteps he ſteer'd
At length by the ſide of a grove there appear'd,
Five men who affronted this travelling prince,
So they fell to fighting with much violence.
Their ſwords being drawn againſt him all alone
The odds in the skirmiſh, was five againſt o[illegible]

Yet nevertheleſs he the fight did maintain,
Till four of the five in the skirmiſh were ſlain.
The fifth begg'd his life on dear bended knees,
He ſpared him, ſaying, you ſhould not diſpleaſe
A travelling ſtranger, by inſolute ſtrife,
What I did was in the defence of my life.
But note by the way, e'er I farther proceed,
'Tis hard to prevent what the fates have decreed,
For one of theſe four that the young prince ſlew,
Was his royal father, tho' more then he knew.
This prince was the child whom the king ſent away
His firſt-born, becauſe it was ſaid he ſhould ſlay,
His dear royal father, when twenty years old,
Now was the time the fates had foretold.
He ſent him away to be murder'd you find,
In hopes he might croſs what the fates had deſign'd
But all to no Purpoſe, that bloody event,
Was not in the power of man to prevent.
He knew not his father, nor father the ſon,
Therefore unconcern'd at what he had done.
He travelled fair, when returning again,
He came to court of that king who was ſlain.
The beautiful queen lords and commons likewiſe
He mourned for it with ſad weeping eyes,
A twelvemonth or more, yet never could hear
The author of it, tho' they ſearch'd far and near.

PART. IV.

THIS travelling prince grew in favour at court,
Amongſt lords and ladies of every ſort,
Now when he the end of the mourning had ſeen,
That prince fell in love with the beautiful queen.
He gain'd his deſires, and married they were,
Which done, ſhe in private would often declare,
He favour'd her king, ſo ſhe lov'd him the more,
Not thinking he was the ſweet ſon that ſhe bore.

To make good the prophecy both were beguil'd,
The ſon weds the mother, the mother the child,
Four children together they had in due time,
But death and deſtruction ſoon puniſh'd the crime.
That flouriſhing kingdom that proſper'd of late,
Was brought to a ruinous deſperate eſtate,
The ſword death, &famine was broughtto their door
They never had ſeen ſuch deſtruction before.
The ſun at that time had withdrawn it brightrays
To hide in a cloud, as aſham'd of their ways:
The ſubjects all cry'd, Ah! where ſhall we fly?
The blood of our king ſtill for vengeance doth cry.

Which may be the cauſe of our ſorrowful doom;
Beſides, here's a ſtranger that reigns in his room;
If he was removed our ſorrows would ceaſe,
And if he continues they'll daily increaſe.
Night mares and hob-goblins would commonly bring,
Among them at midnight the murdered K[illegible]ng,
In a flaming chariot, and thus he would rave,
For murder, for murder. revenge let me have.
The young king he ſtartles, if I knew the cries
The wretch on whoſe conſcience the villainy lies

I ſwear by the ſtars, be he never ſo great,
He dies, by our laws for reſtoring the ſtate.
No friends, birth, or honour ſhall reſcue the ſlave
A death he deſerves, and a death he ſhall have:
By all that is good, and with what we can,
A prophet reply'd, O king thou'rt the man.
'Tis thou that haſt done the deteſtable deed,
'Tis thou that haſt cauſed thy father to bleed,
And married thy mother, and made her thy queen,
By whom thou haſt children, the like never ſeen.
At thy royal birth it was truly foretold,
Thou ſhould'ſt kill thy father when twenty years old
Then marry thy mother, for which thou waſt ſent
Forthwith to be murdered, theſe things to prevent.
Yet thou waſt preſerv'd by a wonderful hand,
In a place brought up remote from this land,
Receiv'd as their own, when it noting was ſo,
With us you was born twenty-five year ago.
One of the four Perſons you kill'd in the wood,
Was your royal father, our great king and good;
Then wedded his queen, who was our royal mother
Your daughters are ſiſters, your ſon is your brother.
The king then look'd pale, like the picture of death
Replying at length with a trembling breath,
Confuſion and horror hangs over my head,
My glory is blaſted, deſtruction I dread.
While he was lamented, the queen ſheappear'd
And when the relation at large ſhe had heard,
She open'd his boſom, where plain to her view,
The mark he was born with declar'd it was true.
Directly away to the chamber ſhe run,
The firſt ſhe diſpatch'd was her innocent ſon;
Which ſeen by her daughters, they cry'd, royal mother,
Don't bloody us as you've done our dear brother.
She ſaid, my dear infants your cries are in vain,

Your life is my grief, and that grief is my pain;
To fly from my ſorrows I'll down to my grave,
And with me my innocent lambs I will have.
While loaded with grief in your ſweet blooming years.
Your blood I ſhall mixt with my ſorrowful tears;
This ſaid, ſtraight to killing her infants ſhe fell,
And then ſtabb'd herſelf, ſaying, honour farewell.
The king, who beheld their unfortunate doom,
Would have them to be buried in one ſilent tomb,
with this very motto:

Here's one void of Life;
She firſt was my Mother, the next Queen and Wife,
By whom I had Iſſue three Daughters, and Son,
Which lie here interr'd—And when I had run,
My ſhort feeble race, I will ſleep with them all,
Whoſe fatal diſaſter preſages my Fall,

Sometimes he continued diſturbed in mind,
Till throne crown & kingdom with life he reſign'd
Freed from his diſtractions, diſtractions indeed,
Yet who could avoid what the fates had decreed.

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F I N I S.